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Notice.

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Dr. Parkhurst is now called a pantheist. He has been called a good many things during the last year.

The Japanese are highly civilized. Four hundred daily newspapers are published in Tokio and each has the largest circulation.

"I am approaching the end of my days," says Bismarck, "and contemplate with perfect calmness the declining rays of the sun. There is however, in my eyes a glorious evening glow, and, like the farmer, I regard a red sunset as a sign of a fair to-morrow."

Some people are very particular about their talking. When the nose-tongued Rev. Mr. Lansing of Boston was called upon by newspaper men and asked to give his authority for his charges against President Cleveland he replied: "I never talk with reporters on Sunday."

A New York physician observes that the grip seems to be wearing itself out in this country and is not now attended by so serious a physical and mental depression as characterized it two or three years ago, although "the posterior nares are still painfully affected with catarrhal symptoms." Certainly.

The Jeautaud electric phaeton, which has been authorized to use the streets of Paris, employs a battery which furnishes it with power for a trip of only eighteen miles at a maximum speed of twelve miles an hour. The inventor is constructing another phaeton, with power for a trip of thirty-six miles.

Bullet rolling is the latest sport to ask for public favor in this country. An Irish champion of the game has arrived in New York and is ready to make it lively for anybody who thinks he (not the champion) can roll a bullet. In bullet rolling the first thing to be arranged is a clear course of any distance from one to ten miles along a country road. An iron ball, perfectly round and weighing about two pounds, is used. The players, whose number is unlimited, then proceed to throw or roll the ball over the course agreed upon, the man arriving at the destination with the least number of throws to his credit winning the game.

An impressive account of what a hundred years of war have cost France in human life has just been made public by Dr. Lagneau, Member of the Academy of Medicine of Paris, and is found in the Lancet. When the revolution broke out France's effective army was only 120,000 men. For the wars waged during ten years in Belgium, on the Sambre, the Meuse, the Rhine, the Alps, the Pyrenees, in the Vendee, and in Egypt, there were called out 2,800,000. At the census made in the ninth year of the republic, there remained of these only 677,598. In killed and in dead by disease the wars of the first republic cost France 2,122,402 men. From 1801 to Waterloo 3,157,398 men scarcely sufficed to fill the blanks which, in an incessant war against combined Europe, France incurred at Austerlitz, Jena, Auerstadt, Friedland, Saragossa, Eckmuhl, Essling, Wagram, Taragona, Smolensk, Moscow, Lutzen, Bautzen, Dresden, Leipzig, and Waterloo. Under the restoration, Louis Phillippe, and the second republic, in spite of the war in Spain (1823), the conquest of Algiers (1830), and the taking of Antwerp, France pased through a period of comparative calm. The army numbered about 213,748, and the mortality averaged 22 per 1,000. In 1853-5 commenced the epoch of the great wars—the Crimea, Italy (1859-60), China (1860-1), Mexico (1862-6), and the disasters of 1870. In the Crimea, out of 309,268 men 95,615 succumbed; in Italy, out of 500,000 there died 18,673; in China, 950, and in Cochin China 48 per 1,000. The second empire cost France about 1,600,000 soldiers. According to Dr. Lagneau's demographic tables, the century from 1795 to 1895 witnessed the death in battle or by disease of 6,000,000 French soldiers.

"Is this where you vote?" said an Ohio voteress to the election officer. "Yes, madam." "Then please cut off samples of all the tickets, and I'll take them home and see which I like best."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

STRABISMUS IN THE PULPIT.

One of the conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church has just discouraged a candidate for orders from continuing his ministerial career because he is cross-eyed. This is an interesting piece of work. Of course it was not and will not be claimed that a cross-eyed preacher of the gospel cannot be a good man. He can be and the chances are that he will be. His eye of faith need not be out of line because his physical eyes are. He may be able to look at things invisible as straight as any man. But it is true that a cross-eyed man is not a perfect man, and that his defect is of a rather exasperating kind. Therefore those whose duty and privilege it is to pick out men to lead the way toward eternal life are not without some justification in rejecting a cross-eyed man. It adds much to the impressiveness of a preacher to be able to look straight at his congregation when preaching at it and straight heavenward when appealing to Heaven. And there are people who would be moved to ungodly mirth by the sight of a cross-eyed preacher trying to look earnestly at his congregation, or appealingly heavenward. Then, too, there are people whose attention would be much detracted from the preaching by their efforts to guess what the cross-eyed minister might be looking at. Ministers of the gospel should be as perfect as possible, physically, mentally and morally. And it is probably true that physical cross-eyedness would be more noticed in the pulpit than even mental or moral strabismus. So the conference was not without reason in its action. Of course in pushing a cross-eyed man out of the path to the Methodist ministry it assumes quite a responsibility, for his "call" may be just as genuine as the call of some candidates whose strabismus is not visible. But the cross-eyed man need not despair, although he doubtless feels just now as if he were crushed by a cruel fate in the shape of a cruel conference. If it is laid upon him to preach, and if he knows that he can see straight with the eye of faith, he can get a chance to preach. We don't think the Congregationalists would exclude him from their ministry on account of his cross-eyedness, and we know the Salvation Army wouldn't. If he is cross-eyed enough to be a real and drawing curiosity the Salvation Army might make his welcome to one of its pulpits especially warm on account of the defect which has prevented him from becoming a Methodist minister. He can preach if he feels that he must.

JUST ONE LITTLE ONE.

We supposed that Harvard had "sworn off" for good; that she would never again participate in the sport that had nothing in it for her but disappointment, repentance and aches of all kinds. But no and alas! Here she is, for all the world like a reformed man who yields to the temptation to allow himself just one spree more. Harvard will have another football spree, but, with her former sad experience in mind, she declares that it must be a little one, and if it hurts her it will be the last.

The programme appears to be: First, no game with Yale, that is, unless Yale will agree to break Harvard's bones, backs and spirits in accordance with the latest book on "Etiquette for Gentlemen." Second, no game except on college grounds, where there will be reminders of the Arts and Sciences. Third, no publicity. Good idea. The less publicity Harvard football-playing has the better. The publicity of her playing has been one of the most discouraging and reprehensible features of it. Fourth, tickets at a reduced price. Another good idea. The reduced price will be all they will be worth. Fifth, tickets sold only to undergraduates and alumni. No passes to newspaper reporters. So newspapers will have to depend for their reports on undergraduates and alumni. As many of them have long done that the evil will not be greatly increased. Sixth, general curtailment of sources of revenue in order to make extravagance impossible. This is superfluous. Sources of revenue will be curtailed enough by the preceding numbers. Seventh, two umpires, with all officials given power to remove a player at the first evidence of foul tactics. Good again. With more officials fully equipped with power to remove there will of course be more removals. Eighth, changes in the rules that mean, in effect, very nearly a return to the style of play of two years ago. There is nothing that Harvard football needs more than return, if it is to be played at all. Ninth, general conduct of all players and coaches with the fact firm in mind that this is the crucial test for football at Cambridge. Crucial test! Well, well, well! Hasn't Harvard football had crucial tests enough? No? Well, it will have had when it has been played according to the above programme.

Why does a man want to take to drink again when everybody thinks he has reformed? And why does Harvard want to undertake another experiment in football when she has fully discovered that football isn't good for her?

FASHION NOTES.

Gowns All A-Glitter.

After the warning that tinsel was to "go out," here are all the ships coming in slowly because of the weight they carry of jeweled, beaded and tinseled ornamentation. Skirts are allowed almost no trimming except this sort of thing, and it may be applied as liberally as the purse allows. It is quite the thing when a skirt is made of narrow goods to have all the seams followed by narrow glittering application of gimps. Many of these are made with the most exquisite delicacy, their foundation not showing when the gimp is in place, the general effect being that of embroidery direct upon the material. This means that the gimps come in all colors, and that they must be matched

carefully to the material upon which they are to be used. Brocades are shown by the yard besprinkled with hand applied spangles and are a delight to the eye till the price is learned, when they too often prove unattainable.

Dressy bodices are still billowy with chiffon, and the skirts are often left plain. Draperies of tulle, too, cling to their popularity and are still in great favor. A charming example of its use was an afternoon gown furnished with a yoke that extended over the round of the shoulder of three times doubled tulle, through the flesh and outlines showed only faintly. Great puffs of velvet were put just below the shoulders and a wide bertha of tulle fell over these puffs, emphasizing the sloping effect of the sleeve. This was a very handsome combination, and another equally dressy is shown in this picture, wherein the material is grayish blue satin draped with fishnet tulle and trimmed with gilt and jet spangle passementerie. In covering the godet skirt with tulle, care is necessary to get the pleats of both in the same place. Two bands of embroidery on each side is the only other skirt ornamentation. The bodice has a point in front and back and crossed over fronts. Two satin rosettes are placed on the shoulders and form the finishing touch for the short, but wide sleeve puffs.

FLORETTE.

AGNOSTIC.

Castleton—Is it true that Miss Wiberly referred to me as an agnostic. Clubberly—She said you didn't know anything.—Life.

The Modern Child.—Elderly Friend of the Family (unmarried)—How do you feel this morning, my little girl? Mamie(aged seven, aside)—He is going ahead pretty fast. He calls me his little girl, already.—Texas Siftings.

First Girl—Mr. Snifkins just told me I was looking charming this evening. Have you seen him? Second Girl—Yes; he told me he was dreadfully worried because he was getting more near-sighted every day.—Detroit Free Press.

"Now, tell me," said Miss Flatnote, in a compliment-courting tone, "do you think my singing voice is at all adapted for the stage?" Certainly, mademoiselle," replied the professor, "admirably adapted, and for a very difficult class of stage work." "Oh, you mean to flatter me." "Not at all. I refer to pantomime."—Boston Transcript.

The other day when a prim, precise New England professor sat down to dinner in a southern hotel, three waiters in quick succession asked him if he would have soup. A little annoyed, he said to the last waiter who asked, "Is it compulsory?" No, sah;" answered the waiter; "no sah; I think it am mock turtle."—New York Tribune.

He looked up very humbly, and said he was sorry to be found in such a place, but he could assure the court that he was never in the prisoner's box before. "What, never?" asked the judge with some severity. "Look a-here, judge," said the culprit, "name the fine, but don't spring that old 'Pinafore' joke on a fellow."—Household Words.

Sub-Editor—A correspondent sends us a full account of a cock fight, with photographs of the steel spurs used, the cock-pit, spectators, birds in battle, etc., with every round described. Great Editor—Glorious! Get it all in! Sub-Editor (doubtfully)—But this is a family paper. Great Editor—Y-e-es,—I—know. Head it "A Brutal Sport.—Where Were the Police?"—New York Weekly.

A Question of Expense.—"How will you have your eggs cooked?" asked the waiter.

"Make any difference in the cost of 'em?" inquired the cautious customer, with a brimless hat and faded beard.

"No."

"Then cook 'em with a nice slice o' ham," said the customer, greatly relieved.—Chicago Tribune.

Varieties in Smiles.

It would seem at first sight as if a smile were a smile, one and indivisible, and there was no more to say about it; but, as in the case of a few notes of a scale or the twenty-six letters of the alphabet, the varieties that can be produced out of a limited agency are astonishing. A score of them occur to the mind directly we begin to think of the subject, the same facial muscles being able to express a great number of mental states and emotions, perhaps not with the same accuracy as spoken words, yet with adequate distinctness. Even in the smile which tries to express a meaning which is the opposite to that in the mind of the smiler, it is generally pretty clear what the meaning is; and we are as sharp as detectives in reading the hypocritical smile, the one of which Shakspeare speaks when he says a man "may smile and smile and be a villain." A friend of the writer, we may remark in passing, even went beyond Shakspeare in maintaining the connection between villainy and smiling, laying it down as a proposition that villains always have sweet smiles. The present writer has not known villains enough, out of novels, to be able to decide this question.

According to its proper nature, it is as much the character of a smile to be a pleasant thing as it is of sunshine to beautify all that it touches, and it is only when some low temper of mind infuses its own nature into it, and gives it, as it were, an ugly twist, as in a sneer or malicious leer, that it can ever become unpleasing. It is a beautiful and beautifying thing, whether it fall on a handsome or a plain face. There is some ground for the theory that it is even more admirable in the latter than in the former case, since plain features may act as a foil to enbance the more spiritual beauty. As truth lies at the root of all excellence, a smile must be genuine to have any merit at all, and that is why a conventional one is so unattractive. When in company, some persons extend their lips in a horizontal line every time they speak, with no more of the genuine smile than if the movement were made by mechanism. The action of their lips is exactly like that of those cardboard figures with loose limbs, made to amuse children, which, as you pull a string, promptly shoot out their arms and legs. The lips smile by machinery; the more truth-telling eyes remain grave. When the conventional smile is frequent, it is wearisome; if continuous, it well-nigh bores you to extinction. There are smile which, though more or less continuous, are pleasing, but then they are the natural ones. We have seen faces which, from some unfortunate mixture of ingredients in the character, resulting in a sense of happiness, seem set in smiles, and remind us of the saying of the old chronicler about St. Columba, "his face made all who saw him glad." This kind wearies you no more than the dancing sunshine among the trees on a crisp May morning. When seen on a girl's face, combined with a twinkle in the eye and a dimple in the cheek, it would conquer a misogynist.—London Spectator.

The Professor and the Conjurer.

Many years ago "the Wizard of the North" gave some performance in Edinburgh, and Professor Blackie was one of the crowd who went to see them. As he was making his way in he felt something at his coat-tail, and, putting his hand into his pocket he found an egg. This he took out, and most adroitly transferred it to the pocket of a young man just in front of him—a person as unlike himself as can well be imagined. Arrived in the hall he remarked where the young man placed himself, and chose his own seat in a corner as remote as possible. When the time came for "Wizard" Anderson to "trouble" him for the egg, he arose, and explained that he had nothing of the sort in his pocket, but that he believed "that gentleman" could produce it, pointing to the astonished young man, whose surprise, however, by no means equalled that of the "Wizard."—M. A. in London Daily News.

Anecdote of Hawthorne.

A very good story relating to Nathaniel Hawthorne is being told. At one time the famous author was the United States consul at Liverpool. During this period there walked into his office one day a young man who desired assistance. He was a Yankee, he said, and had left home to make a fortune in foreign fields, but had failed, and now, tired of the struggle in a strange land, and heartily homesick as well, he wanted the consul to provide him with money enough to pay his way back to America.

The chief clerk, regarding the lad with suspicion, and feeling that his story was cooked up for the occasion, informed him that Mr. Hawthorne could not be seen, but the boy was persistent, and finally carried his point. The clerk yielded to his solicitation, and went into Mr. Hawthorne's private office.

"There's a boy out there who insists upon seeing you," he said. "He says he's an American, but I don't believe it."

"I'll see him," said the consul, and walking out into the main office, he said, "Well, my lad, what do you want?"

The boy told his story.

"What part of America do you come from?"

"United States."

"What state?"

"New Hampshire, sir."

"What town?"

"Exeter."

Hawthorne looked at the boy steadily for a moment. Then he said, "Exeter, eh?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy.

"Who sold the best apples in your town?" asked Hawthorne.

"Skim-milk Folsom, sir," returned the boy.

"He's all right," said Hawthorne, with a smile to the clerk. "Give him his passage."—Harper's Young People.

Some Famous Puns.

The puns of sacred history are familiar to every one. The fact that the foundation of the greatest institution of the world was accompanied by an unmistakable play upon words is in itself sufficiently remarkable; and remembering this, it is interesting to bear in mind that the introduction of Christianity to these islands was heralded by a perfect volley of puns. Possibly, indeed, Pope Gregory had in his mind the memorable passage about Peter and the rock when he revelled in his playful parallel between the Angles and the Angels, or when he likened Deira (the native place of the English slaves) to their deliverance fom wrath (de ira) which he was about to undertake; or when, again, he wittily observed that the name of their king Aelle was suggestive of Alleluia as a song of praise. Here, in each instance, the pun was no mere frivolous jingle of words—it had a distinct meaning, and opened up a new and profounder train of thought.

Among the Hebrews the pun was by no means considered as a thing to be despised, and it is constantly to be met with in their literature. More than one example might be drawn from the old testament itself. Among our own writers, too, it was once held in very high repute. Shakspeare's comedy positively bristles with it, and never, truly, was it handled with a quainter delicacy of touch. When once the immortal bard started upon a freak of this description he seemed loath to leave it, but tossed it about like a juggler from one character to another until the one pun had grown into many, each more daring than the last, and the whole was finally lost in a verbal tangle of paradox and contradiction. But it is not so much in literature that the classic puns are to be sought as in the spoken words of many famous men, and this remark applies to the ancients as well as to the moderns. It is related that Helvius Pertinax suggested that the Emperor Caracalla ought to take the title of Geticus, conquerer of the Getae or Goths, in allusion to the fact that he had killed his brother Geta, thereby becoming sole emperor. For this pun Pertinax lost his life, and his fate may be held up as a warning to punsters. As in Goldsmith's fable, the man sometimes recovers from the bite; it is the "funny dog" that dies.

Perhaps the most remarkable pun made by a man of action was contained in the one-word despatch "Peccavi," which Sir Charles Napier is reported to have sent when announcing his conquest of Scinde. For brevity and expressiveness it is worthy to rank with the "Veni, vidi, vici" of Caesar. Another Latin pun of equal merit was perpetrated by Lord Palmerston in one of his delightfully ready replies to a deputation. The question involved was a fine collection of pictures presented to the nation, and which, for want of proper accommodation, were wasting their sweetness on the unwholesome atmosphere of a London cellar. The deputation remonstrated with the minister on this Vandalic treatment of art; but Lord Palmerston speedily disarmed his critics by assuring them that what had been done was simply a practical application of the principle ars celare artem. At another day another Liberal minister—the late Lord Sherbrooke, to wit—was tempted to indulge in a little scholarly jeu d'esprit, but the sally in this instance proved to be no joke to the government of which he was a member. It was when he was chancellor of the exchequer of the Gladstone government of 1868-'74 that Lord Sherbrooke (then Mr. Robert Lowe) submitted his unlucky proposal to impose a tax on matches, and he playfully suggested that the new impost should bear the motto "Ex luce lucellum." But the "small profit" which, according to this abortive proposal, was to be derived from light did not produce the proverbial "quick returns" for the Liberal party at the general election which followed a few years later.

A pun made by the great French statesman and ecclesiastical Cardinal Richelieu is also worth recording. The Abbe Godeau, having sent him his paraphrase of the Benedicite, received in return the following graceful letter appointing him bishop of Grasse: "Monsieur l'Abbe, vous m'avez donne Benedicite et moi jevous donne Grasse." But even a speaker in the house of commons, while occupying his seat in the chair, is said to have been betrayed into perpetrating a verbal quip. A certain member who had dined not wisely but too well, was making a long, rambling address to the house, when suddenly, in a loud voice, he blurted out the words of Macbeth, "And damned be he who first cries hold, enough." The speaker only caught the second word, and promptly called the member to order. "It was a quotation, Mr. Speaker," explained the injured member, to whom the speaker replied, "I don't know whether it is a question of quotation or potation, but I should advise the honorable member to mind his p's and q's." Another pun, which, if not classic, deserves to become so, was made some little time back within the writer's own experience. It was at a musical performance, and the audience had just been enchanted by the exquisite playing of Lazarus upon the clarinet, when an eminent pianist of the present day was heard to exclaim, "It would take a clever dog to lick that beggar." The wit both of the thought and the expression was delightful, and it was the more remarkable that so idiomatic a pun should have been perpetrated by a foreigner. If all plays upon words were of this superlative order, the practice of punning would never have fallen into disrepute. When once, however, it is abused, it should always be sternly discouraged. Librettists in particular should be warned that, for the ordinary purposes of stage performances, puns, like damns, have had their day.—London Standard.

The Composer Responsible.

The Kleine Zeitung tells a tale of Liszt, in which the master certainly got his quid pro quo. The "Saint Elizabeth" was to be performed at Eisenach, and the great man himself went to conduct it at its rehearsal. The orchestra was composed of members of the town band (Stadtpfeifer), and their playing did not correspond to the high demands of Liszt. After a few bars, Liszt tapped angrily with his baton, and said: "Gentlemen, gentlemen, this is pure scarecrow music!" The Stadtpfeifer-Kapellmeister jumped up in a rage as hot as the master's and retorted, "Herr Doctor, you cannot blame us for that; we did not compose the music!"